

Lupen Cook

* A tale which
holdeþ children
from play and serve
men in owl light
Unto their graves *

The plan he said, and where it were to take place, gave instructions for us to follow, a sketch in black and blue and a frame for which we knew nothing, except that time was not part of, nor needed for the trip.

It was sure to take shape, colour and careful planning, and though it was bound by luck, where **accidents occur** and dreams drive us inwards, the course was fixed like a fastened bolt, as if destiny was present, wrapped tightly around us like an invisible cloak.

I took myself up and traveled far into a night until morning crept around and its sun said hello, burning my back and the ungrateful bones inside; it was yellow and hot, as uncomfortable as I could imagine, but I thought of what he had said and pressed on. Birds sat perched, watching with wandering eyes, willing me not, but I ignored them. **I knew better** than to trust these creatures.

The day was long and the road hard. The people were friendly but only to themselves, and with their mirrors and might they went, blind like bats, each of them cursing the cures that had been sent to try and save them, but it was no use.



"Hello" said a stranger, and I ignored him in spite. People here were not like before, like when I was old, so I punched his face and proceeded to crush his skull until soft sponge blood and benign bits of muscle seeped up and in between the cracks of my heavily clenched fist shape.

The man was dead and I felt pleased I had not been forced to speak, these people's tongues were torn and their sound unheard, heavy like hammers; the sound of a stuffed up nose rising like a riot should, the dead air gradually wearing me down, so I was glad after killing the stranger. I was glad to be home.

The sign reads out loud:

'Hello. Halloween is upon us.'

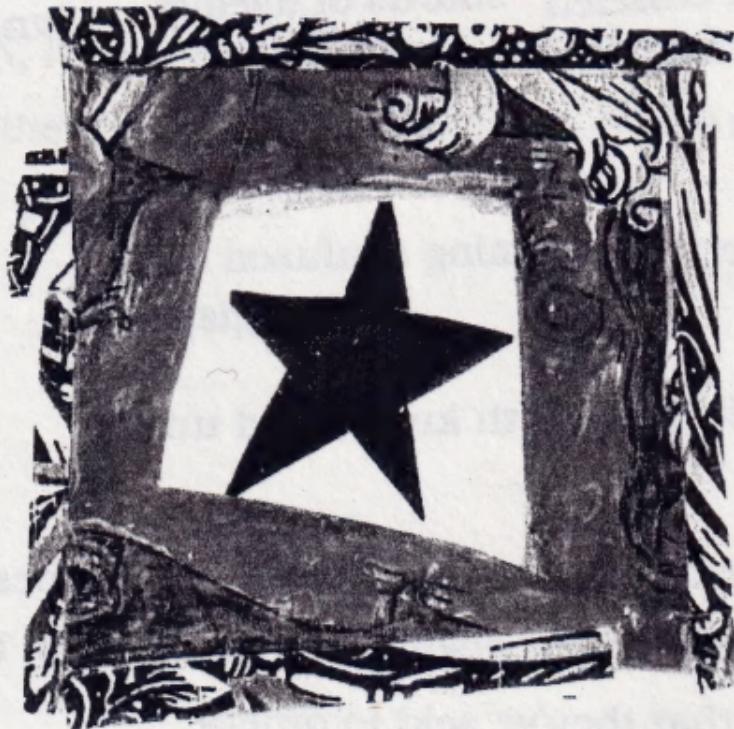
The business is blame and the currency
cold chiseled shards of useless junk.

Everyone seeming confused and
misplaced.

, juggling with knives and unable

to face away from their reflections. Illness
and prescribed disorder, men sick with the
sins that they've sold to others.

I hated this place and all of its worth, the flat pack edges and dismal displays. So, with my eyes to the ground and plan hidden deep inside the sleeve of my black mack jacket, I walked on, tried hard to forget the crisis, trying harder than he knew.



Children were not allowed to make mistakes, so I threw them into roads and watched vehicles collapse them down like deck chairs. Their mothers, the women, who wore age with shame, saddle bags full of fat hanging down from each greasy thigh, thin skinned and thinking like men, who couldn't cry, and so I cut their faces with a splintered mirror piece, and it was only if they could identify a child, one that I had thrown, that I might have let go, which of course they couldn't, or wouldn't, so cut deep I did, because imagination means more to me than them.

As for the men, the bodies with cocks, they were weak and wasted too, worried like the

faceless cunts I'd cut, not able or willing,
not men at all. The songs that they'd sung
around fires, celebrating a good days hunt,
all of it had gone; they were mute, had been
made limp, and each one was uncertain.

As the town packed up, wings crumpled
down, it was easy for me to see his point,
and they could easily miss mine, it was a
good plan after all.

The birds ~~are~~ wrong. ?



So to end I would say, back to him,
shouting from a place where those birds
and bastards could hear me as I whisper,
this world is a fucking disgrace.

The obsessions I revel in, rolled like a fat
porky pig in a swamp full of shit, attaching
excuses until every last inch of my yellow
skinned body is paid for and priced, blame
having been placed and money made. Does
nature get this bored? Does a tiger suffer
these debts? Is sudden weight gain a
problem common in the bird population? I
asked all of these questions and we both
knew that the answer was **No**, it was only
these creatures that were confused, but

after all, we'd paid for the privilege of the product, and it was ours to ignore.

The excuses are ready and waiting, the faces are folded and packaged in wraps, expressions included, what to say and how not to say it.

Trimming the spine to its last feathered tip, don't stand up, just **sit** down, spend your whole life lost, **scared** to be **schizophrenic**, uncomfortable and more importantly completely fucking bored.

Entire days wasted, making money for reasons of no good, **drunk**, trying not to **make** love to the wife, but making kids, and

movies, in restaurants, whilst confused, with ideals, **ideas**, and even less than I could have bargained for.

He had said and **he** was right. It had been his privilege, making no sense at all for all reason and its rhyme fall frigid, petrified and senseless. That is why, he said, I **love** you.

Yours Sincerely,

boy curious

Prisons, cracks and lizard traps

Really?

Are you serious?

No. But I've been known to **kill cats**.

For more information please contact
yourself, or if this proves too difficult
alternatively visit the site itself, for sore eyes
await you and webs woven tight, lives may
be lost but the lost are alright, my friends -
the thieves and theorists, villains and kids,
between the lines at www.lupencrook.co.uk.

Meanwhile continue to worry yourself sick,
shed the weight and dread the arrival of a
wrinkle. Until then, goodbye and good luck,
with wishes I bid you a better day and
sound nights sleep.



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